To the aureus "G" that has once given many a gift.

How and with what should I begin
it is not something I have clear.
To write this eulogy to the silver-plated warrior
of mellifluous deeds covered in red silk.

It was not so long along, in the cherished land of hope
in times where they shall come not anymore
when the sun drawing from faraway hills
gave to them a tepid, lukewarm hug.

Her golden delights bouncing off every wall
to the ones that formed part of the composite work
whether it was done diligently or voluntarilly
whether in a part of it, or all of it
whether in front of crowds or under a flicking bulb
to create the large mosaic in display
in the last pantheon halls of opuses, now and forever.

Emerald and green variants are its members
with dots of sapphire and tiles of granite
so tiny, so light, so unimportant as dust
yet all conform in unison the euphonic structure
of melodies by preying lights and crescendos of soft shades
flowery banks of meanders from pastures of delicate faraway reach
for trees and bushes with lilies and plants
for flourishment and more to live in and rejoice

Then comes in aureus glitter, molten and shining
by those who something more sought to become
bits of alabaster, the clean polished marble
dispersed in a sea of yellow, covering heights,
reflecting delights of the eye on the sky
known by many names, all meaning the same
each one engraved for its icon to be seen
by joyful and cheerful, by those proud authors
it is what crafted precious metals of jewelry are.

Gleaming in luminiscent white
when lite reflections of light not come in might
when shadows creep in and blackness comes near
the mosaic glows still, by still pearls, pearly dreams.

Yet, in the end, all is reduced to the figure of the center
the one of silver-plated armour covered in red silk.
There he is, the lights of nature, bright and vivid
against the darkness and dead pasture surrounding the one,
who not in glory he stands, but almost kneeling to none at all.
His armour is rusty, dusty and torn
falling down it is from its black leather holds,
many a scar in his breastplate has been etched
even the helmet, a piece of it has fallen off
it is not a glorious sight, only the last stand of a man.

Yet, he doesn't surrender now, for the fight is not over yet
his arms are still tense, despite the blows received,
his legs struggling to keep up, even the tiles are sad by such blight
the soul in him, still vibrant it is,
many a fight has he seen, and still ready for more to come
in his hand there he has a sword still intact
to fight the unknownable one who did not give him slack
amid gushing guts and blown limb, he still has some tact
behold to you all, resilience done man.

In him I see the dream of many a one
the desire to reach horizons explored neverbefore
asperous effort spoken by chiseled scars
one can only imagine the pain he once went through.
In him I see the joy of many a one
bacchanalian delights of nights in memorial forevermore
the warmth of lover by kisses amongst darts
one can only imagine the jubilee he had gone through.

Such is the mosaic I described as I see it still in light
Wonderous sight, done by the euphonic ones
it is a piece among many, yet unique in its kind
much can be learned from what has been
I choose to learn, then, the glorious acts of them
for deeds like these ones, rarely are they seen.

The sun from faraway hills setting it is now
reflections of the disipating on the mist
dancing particles seen by gleamy pearly dreams,
as warmth now gives way to frigid cold winds.

It was not so long ago
when these things were here and more
time to sleep has come
yet the flame will still go on.